

# Lake Superior Auntie, by Marie Zhuikov

Today, someone called me  
one of the Aunties of Lake Superior.  
It must be my gray hair.  
I am now venerable, aged, historic, learned.  
No Babe of Lake Superior any more.

For twenty-seven years  
I've worked along its shores,  
pouring my female energy into water issues,  
drinking asbestos fibers from the tap,  
preserving wilderness,  
explaining research studies,  
discovering the secret of paralyzed gulls,  
and the mystery of tapioca beads washing  
ashore -- leftover body casings from the  
zooplankton *Holopedium gibberum*.

I've promoted the consumption of the  
lake's fish, promoted consumption of the  
lake's lamprey (they're a delicacy in  
Portugal, you know),  
encouraged boaters to rid their craft of  
invasive zebra mussels and plants,  
and studied the lake's wolves and plovers.  
Then there's all the stories, fact sheets,  
DVDs, CDs, videos and radio shows....

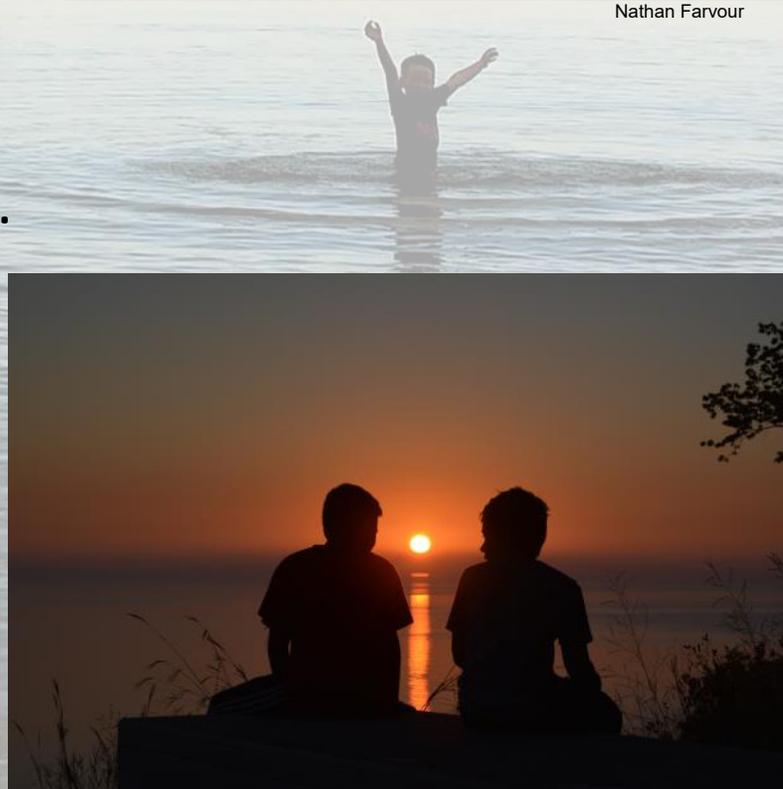
"Aunties" confers a plethora.  
No Grandmother am I, one of only two.  
I have been too busy living my small life,  
raising sons, skipping rocks,  
writing words --  
watching pink and orange wash  
from the sky.



Peter Ries



Nathan Favour



Wendi Huffman